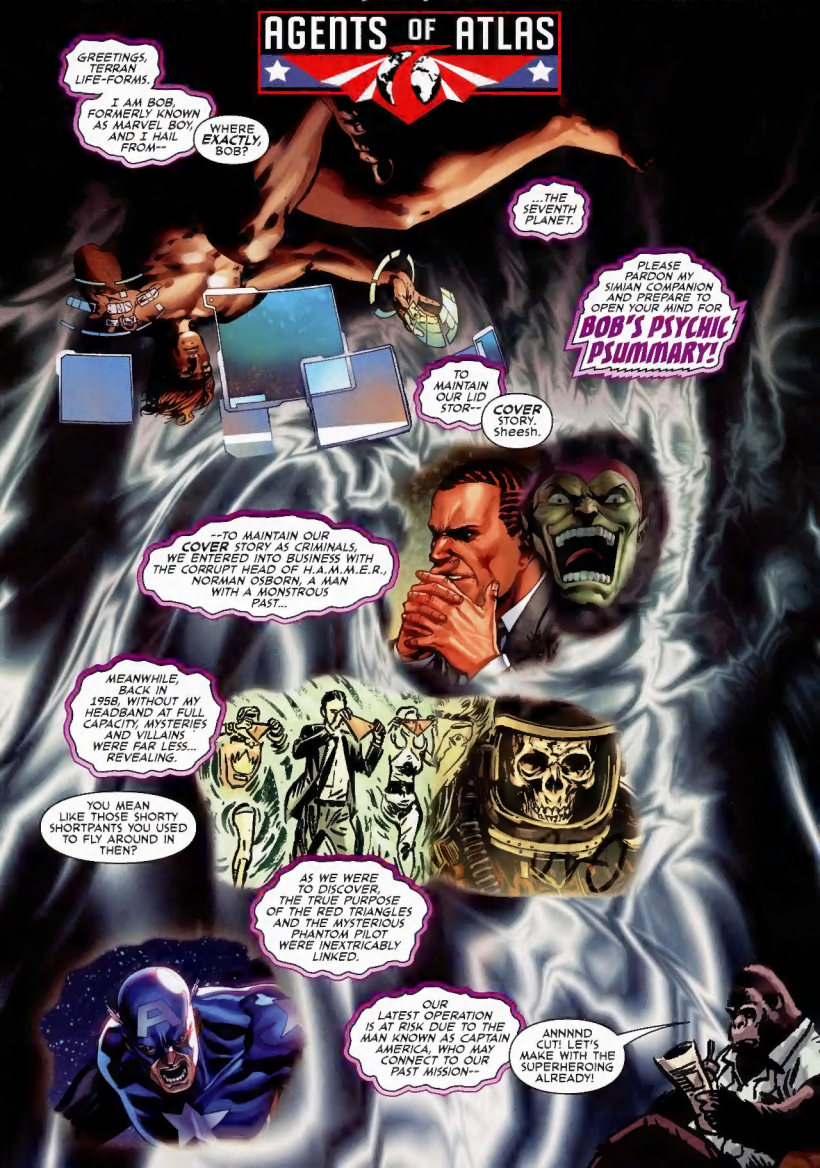
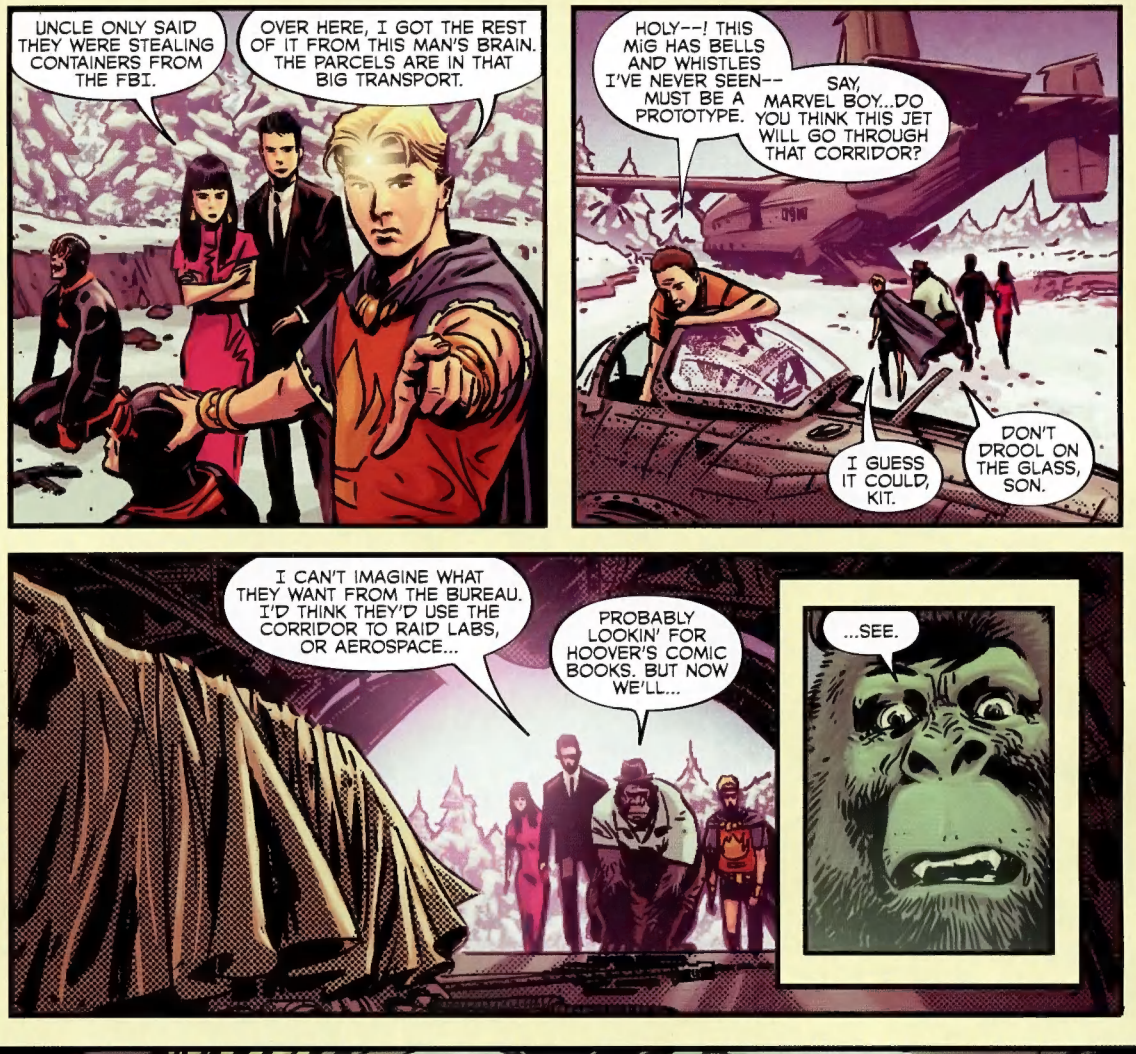
Reunited in the present to save their leader Jimmy Woo, an incredible team of 1950s FBI agents discovered Woo was the heir to an ancient underground empire known as the Atlas Foundation! Assuming command of the worldwide syndicate, Woo and his fellow agents plan to use its far-reaching influence for good. Now Master Woo, Gorilla-Man, Namora, The Uranian, Venus, and the killer robot M-11 are regarded as global threats – and known to the underworld as the…

AGENTS OF ATLAS


GREETINGS, TERRAN LIFE-FORMS.
I AM BOB, FORMERLY KNOWN AS MARVEL BOY, AND I HAIL FROM--
WHERE EXACTLY, BOB?
...THE SEVENTH PLANET.
PLEASE PARDON MY SIMIAN COMPANION AND PREPARE TO OPEN YOUR MIND FOR BOB'S PSYCHIC PSUMMARY!
TO MAINTAIN OUR LID STOR--
COVER STORY. Sheesh.
--TO MAINTAIN OUR COVER STORY AS CRIMINALS, WE ENTERED INTO BUSINESS WITH THE CORRUPT HEAD OF H.A.M.M.E.R., NORMAN OSBORN, A MAN WITH A MONSTROUS PAST...
MEANWHILE, BACK IN 1958, WITHOUT MY HEADBAND AT FULL CAPACITY, MYSTERIES AND VILLAINS WERE FAR LESS... REVEALING.
YOU MEAN LIKE THOSE SHORTY SHORTPANTS YOU USED TO FLY AROUND IN THEN?
AS WE WERE TO DISCOVER, THE TRUE PURPOSE OF THE RED TRIANGLES AND THE MYSTERIOUS PHANTOM PILOT WERE INEXTRICABLY LINKED.
OUR LATEST OPERATION IS AT RISK DUE TO THE MAN KNOWN AS CAPTAIN AMERICA, WHO MAY CONNECT TO OUR PAST MISSION--
ANNNND CUT! LET'S MAKE WITH THE SUPERHEROING ALREADY!

THE DRAGON'S CORRIDOR, PART 3
WRITER: JEFF PARKER
ARTIST: GABRIEL HARDMAN
COLORIST: ELIZABETH DISMANG
LETTERER: BLAMBOT® NATE PIEKOS
(WE ARE INFILTRATED!?)
(THEY ARE USING THE CORRIDOR!)
HEY!
SUWAN!
M-11, PUT THEM DOWN!
ZOKT
AAHHH!
GET AWAY FROM HER!
JIMMY!
HURRY, I HEAR MORE OF 'EM COMING IN FROM THE WOODS.
PLEASE SAY YOU ALL CARRIED THE EMBLEMS!
WE DID.
VENUS, DO AN OLD STANDARD!

...I wish I knew how...to break the spell...I ought to say no-no-no, sir...
...at least I'm going to say that I trilliied...
...I really can't stay ohh...but it's so cold outside...
(...BREATH-TAKING...)
(SHE'S... BEAUTIFUL...)
WOW. NO WONDER UNCLE MAKES HIS MEN WEAR THE EAR COVERS. SHE CAN'T BE STOPPED.
BABY IT'S COLD OUTSIIIDE...
SO THESE AREN'T YELLOW CLAW'S BOYS?
NO, THEY'RE SOVIETS. SOME KGB OFFICER NAMED KARPOV IS PAYING FOR THE USE OF THE DRAGON'S CORRIDOR--WHAT YOU CAME THROUGH.
I WAS TO OVERSEE-- ENSURE THEY TRAVELED ONLY FOR THE OPERATION AGREED UPON.
BUT I WANTED TO SEE YOU AGAIN SO...I TOOK ONE OF THE MEN'S EMBLEMS.
THESE TRIANGLES DEFLECT RADIATION IN THAT CORRIDOR, DON'T THEY?
YES. AND SHOW YOU WHERE DOORWAYS ARE.
M-11, SCAN FOR ANYONE APPROACHING.
SO WHAT'S THE OPERATION THAT THE RUSSIANS NEEDED A SHORTCUT FOR?


UNCLE ONLY SAID THEY WERE STEALING CONTAINERS FROM THE FBI.
OVER HERE, I GOT THE REST OF IT FROM THIS MAN'S BRAIN. THE PARCELS ARE IN THAT BIG TRANSPORT.
HOLY--! THIS MiG HAS BELLS AND WHISTLES I'VE NEVER SEEN-- MUST BE A PROTOTYPE.
SAY, MARVEL BOY...DO YOU THINK THIS JET WILL GO THROUGH THAT CORRIDOR?
I GUESS IT COULD, KIT.
DON'T DROOL ON THE GLASS, SON.
I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT THEY WANT FROM THE BUREAU. I'D THINK THEY'D USE THE CORRIDOR TO RAID LABS, OR AEROSPACE...
PROBABLY LOOKIN' FOR HOOVER'S COMIC BOOKS. BUT NOW WE'LL...
...SEE.
HOLY COW, IT-- IT'S...

INSIDE AMERICA
WRITER: JEFF PARKER
ARTIST: CLAYTON HENRY
COLORIST: JANA SCHIRMER
LETTERER: BLAMBOT'S NATE PIEKOS
NEW YORK CITY.
NOW.
--CAPTAIN AMERICA!
KRONNCH
NUTS!
M-11! TRY TO GRAB AHOLD OF THE CRANE OVER THERE!

WHZZZzzz
...KEEP FALLING TOWARDS THE CONSTRUCTION SITE...GOOD.
KERRANG
Ugh, IF I HAVE TO HURL, I'M DOING IT ON HIM!
BOB! SORRY TO DO THIS WHEN YOU NEED REST, BUT WE'VE GOT A SITUATION.
OUR CLUE-SEEDING HAS WORKED TOO FAST.
WE COULD BLOW THE OPERATION BY ENGAGING TOO EARLY. NEED RETRIEVAL NOW!
ON... ON MY WAY...
KEN, WE NEED TO DISPOSE OF THE COPTER BEFORE WE TIP OUR HAT TOO SOON.
GET HIM OFF OF IT.
Unf!
Oh--
--HAPPY TO!

NOW BEAT IT!
AND NEXT TIME YOU SHOW UP DRESSED LIKE A DEAD HERO, SAY TRICK OR TREAT!
KAH--
--whew.
WE'RE CLEAR, BOB!
FRY THAT COPTER!
BOB...?
ZZZASSH
PREPARE FOR THE LIFT BEAM. DO YOU WANT THE ATTACKER BROUGHT IN AS WELL?
YES. WE NEED TO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT HIM.

DO YOU THINK THEY'RE ACTUALLY CAP AND BUCKY?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT THE RUSSKIES DON'T HAVE ANY BUSINESS KEEPING THEM.
WE'VE GOT TO TAKE THE CORRIDOR BACK—I HOPE WE CAN FIND THAT SAME DOOR AGAIN.
KIT, IT MAY NOT BE A GOOD IDEA TO TAKE THE JET BACK.
I'VE GOT TO TRY, MR. WOO. THE REDS MIGHT BE GETTING THE JUMP ON US IN AERO-SPACE.
HERE WHERE THE RADIO SHOULD BE...COULD BE A NEW MISSILE SYSTEM...
THAT IS A TARGETING INTERFACE. I THINK...YES. IT'S RELATED TO THE PORTAL GENERATOR WE CAME THROUGH.
I'D BET MY HEADBAND THAT THE JET IS EQUIPPED TO OPEN A PORTAL FOR ITSELF.
THAT'S WHERE YOU KEY IN LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE FOR YOUR DESTINATION. OF COURSE.
THEY BUILT IT GOING BY YELLOW CLAW'S MACHINE AND MUST HAVE THOUGHT SUWAN WAS LEAVING TO REPORT IT TO HIM.
IMAGINE THE SNEAK ATTACKS THEY COULD RUN WITH THIS GOING THROUGH THAT CORRIDOR!
RRRRRRR
WHAT... JIMMY!

BOMBERS!
THEY'RE CARPET BOMBING THE BASE!
M-11, KEEP GOING THROUGH THE TRIANGLE!
COME ON, EVERYONE!
KIT'S GOT THE JET STARTED!
HE'S GOING TO MAKE IT--
--NO... STOP!
THOSE SYMBOLS... IT'S HIM!
"LET ME OUT OF HERE--"

WHAT THE HECK?!
WHERE ARE WE?
WHY AM I DRESSED AS A DAMN NAZI?!
I DON'T RECALL BEING KICKED BY A GORILLA...
I NEVER WOULDA KICKED HIM OFF THE COPTER IF I'D KNOWN...
I THINK WE'RE INSIDE CAPTAIN AMERICA'S HEAD—BUT USUALLY I CAN SENSE THE WORLD OUTSIDE...
HE REMEMBERS WORLD WAR II? YOU THINK HE *IS* THE REAL CAP?
...BUT WE'RE KICKING *YOU* OUT OF FRANCE!
NOW THE REICH IS USING ANIMALS? I THINK THEY'RE GOING CRAZY, CAP!

I WON'T LET YOU!
HEY!
STEVE, JUST REST... JUST STAY STILL...
...YOU'RE GOING TO GET THROUGH THIS...
...GO BACK UNDER THE ICE...
...WE'LL BRING YOU OUT AGAIN ONE DAY...
...WHEN THE COUNTRY NEEDS YOU THE MOST.
BUCKY.
HE BECAME CAPTAIN AMERICA.
DO YOU THINK...THAT WAS REALLY THEM WE SAW IN THOSE RUSSIAN CHAMBERS BACK IN '58?

I KNOW HOW TEMUGIN TRANSPORTED INTO THE SAUCER. HIS METAL HAND GAVE ME THE CONNECTION.
IS THIS--- HOW YOU THINK OF YOURSELF?
IT HAS A RED TRIANGLE, LIKE THE ONES WE USED TO TRANSVERSE THE DRAGON'S CORRIDOR. I SEE HOW APPROPRIATE THE NAME IS.
---MY DESTINY TO CARRY THE SPIRIT BANNER OF GENGH---
NOW THAT MY HEADBAND PROCESSES FULLY, I HAVE A COMPLETE COMPOSITION SCAN FROM MY EXAMINATION IN 1958.
THE CELLS ARE AN EXTREMELY DENSE KERATIN, SPECIFICALLY... REPTILIAN.
THE EXACT STRUCTURE OF MR. LAO'S SCALES.
THEY'RE MOLTED DRAGON SCALES, CUT TO FOCUS LIGHT SO ONE CAN VIEW THE ENERGY DISCHARGE OF PORTALS IN THE CORRIDOR.
BOB, YOU'RE GROSSING ME OUT, MAN!
TELL US THIS LATER---YOU NEED TO WAKE UP AND LET US OUT!
WAKE UP?

YOUR TRIP INTO THE SENTRY'S MIND DRAINED YOU...
...AND YOU PASSED OUT WHILE CONNECTING US. I THINK IF YOU TAKE OFF YOUR HEADBAND...
ARE YOU SUGGESTING THAT WE'RE TRAPPED IN A...

...LOOP?

LATER.
YOU SURE HE DIDN'T LEARN ANYTHING ABOUT OUR OPERATION?
HE NEVER VENTURED OUTSIDE HIS MEMORIES, BUT I WENT INTO HIS.
HE'S NOT ONLY IN CONTACT WITH THE REAL AVENGERS, HE'S HIDING THEM.
PERFECT.

I LEFT THE INFORMATION YOU WANTED IN HIS MIND.
GOOD.

THEN IT'S TIME FOR THE SHOWDOWN.
"WE'RE ALMOST THERE! IF I GO ANY FASTER, WE'LL OVERSHOOT THE WHOLE VALLEY!"